Dear [Name],

I have just returned from Chicago, and now wish to say a word or two to you. Enclosed is a copy of a letter which I wrote to the Hon. J. H. Arnold of Chicago, who is writing a life of Mr. Lincoln. He is a good man, but I do not think he is a man of much nerve; he is an honest man yet I think he is a timid man. My first two lectures as you are aware were attempts to analyze Mr. Lincoln's mind. My third lecture was to show his patriotism and statesmanship. My second and third lecture were attempts to show the practical application of that mind to things as we analyze it to.

My fourth lecture is an attempt to show external influence on his mind and matter and mind on mind. My fifth lecture is to be on his infant and boyish education - the means, methods, and struggles of it - his mind to know and to develop itself. When these things shall be done connected, annotated, etc.
think I shall have rendered mankind some 5
cents worth of service. Possibly they will so let
when these things are done mankind can't please
me well, giving them the record which I
have made of the man- worth one millions
of dollars to the race.

So much for an introduction. After
having read trouble letter my letter to him, you
will judge of your case. However you will
now begin a salute a present in my present
— late, lecture, now proceed as before; and it
is this — Mrs. Lincoln must be put properly
before the world, she hates me — yet I can
and will do her justice; she hates me on
the same ground that a thief hates a policeman
who knows a dangerous secret about his.

Mrs. Lincoln's domestic guards in my skin
are sprung from a woman's revenge which
she was not strong enough to resist. For
women! The world has no charity for her
and yet justice must be done her — being
careful not to disgrace her husband. All
that I know enables both, and their diffi-
culties spring from human nature - a phil-
osophy, if you please. You must have
faith in me. I am willing to live by
and to die by my letter to Smith. The
composition I care nothing about — it is an-
tactic beauty, but the substance and fact
I do care for.

Mr. Arnold is afraid that is the word that I shall drop some necessary truth that Lincoln's enemies will use to undo his purposes. I am not responsible for the misapplication, misappropriation, or other wrong use of a great necessary truth in Mr. Lincoln's life. I have a sublime faith in the triumph and eternity of truth, of humanity, man and God. They will put strength—youth, and myself just where we belong. Do any men so insane as to suppose that any truth concerning Lincoln, or in relation to his thoughts, acts and deeds, will be hid and buried out of human view? Blows! folly! The best way is to tell the whole truth, and let it be its own evidence. And eternity speaks and burns up all lies. Let it "burn to ashes what it lighted to burn."

I propose as one of Mr. Lincoln's friends to meet the plummering facts—deny those where I can, and modify where I cannot absolutely deny them. In my judgment, and I appeal to mankind in the future, is that if the matter is turned over now that the subject will be done in a hundred years or less from to-day. My judgment is poor as it may be, that if these facts are concealed from mankind by his biographers now that they will grow-
and develop into a huge ever increasing, destroyed and forming emptiness forever. I know human nature, the man in a crack, and inside it, it will in the minds of men grow and expand into an elephant.

So curious is the human mind. This is my judgment; and I'll rest it during all coming time. I think I know what am doing.

The friends of Mr. Lincoln had better lift the questions now and keep while there are living witnesses on the globe and living friends ready and willing to tell and to have their play. Mr. Lincoln can stand untrumpeted up beneath all necessary shots truths. Limit men would blot Mr. Lincoln of his crown and aces, and steal the opinions. The philosopher-discourse of mankind by the roasting of their judgment and logical faculty through a suggestion of falsehood or its suppression of the necessary facts of a great man's history. Please keep these letters safe till I go hence.

Your Friend
W.H. Pendore